

Golden Eyes

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Summary: What happens when representatives from Amestris come to Hogwarts during the age of the Marauders? This does. Mustang's a teacher who views his students as minions. The Marauders are curious about the mystery surrounding Ed's past and Amestris. What could go wrong? (Previously known as The Fullmetal Marauder until I found out that there was already a fanfiction under that title.)

1. 1

I'm back! With a new story, too! I found, much to my sorrow, that there is a lack of Marauders HP/FMA fanfiction, and in a (hopefully longlived) burst of inspiration, decided to start one. I can't make any guarantees, but I'll try to make this as accurate to the characters and as exciting as possible.

This is FMA Brotherhood based, but I have no idea where in the timeline this is.

Disclaimer: I don't own HP or FMA, they belong to their respective creators.

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><p>"Have you heard?" James asked, feigning a lazy yawn as the Marauders strolled down the train, looking for an available compartment. Strangely enough, all of the compartments they'd passed so far didn't have enough space for the four of them.</p>

"What? That rumor about an alchemy class?" Sirius drawled, uninterested. "That's a load of rubbish. Alchemy's a dead magic, and a bloody useless one, too."

"Hm," James replied, pondering his friend's words, "You're no fun, Padfoot. Just think about it!"

Sirius shot him a smirk.

"Why're _all _of these compartments full - oh! This one's not!" Sirius opened the door to a mostly empty compartment.

The sole inhabitant was a golden-haired teen with their nose in a book.

"Do you mind if we sit here?" Remus asked quietly.

"Nah," The person shrugged, glancing absently up from their book to regard them with keen golden eyes. _Golden? _Remus tucked the thought away to address later.

The Marauders filed in, stacking their luggage on the rack and sitting down.

"But don't you think it would be interesting? Alchemy, I mean. Turning lead into gold and all!" James resumed his earlier line of thought.

Remus noticed the blonde twitch.

"I suppose, Prongs, but why would they teach us that sort of stuff?" Remus said.

James sighed and turned his attention to the window. It was only for a moment, then a thought suddenly struck him. "Say, are you a first-year? I don't think I've seen you around Hogwarts-"

The blonde began laughing, his shoulders shaking.

James was indignant. "What's so funny?"

"Sorry, it's just...Hog- Hogwarts!" The last word sent him into another fit of laughter. "It's just so damn ridiculous sounding!"

"I guess it is, isn't it?" Sirius asked, eyes glinting amusedly and mouth pulled up into a smirk. "So, you're a first-year? I reckon we could make good use of you."

"Maybe," The long-haired blonde shot back with an equally devious expression before offering a gloved hand to the dark-haired teen. "Edward Elric. Call me Ed."

"Sirius Black," He took the blonde's hand.

"James Potter," James grinned, eyes lighting up.

Remus smiled a bit wearily and waved. "Remus Lupin."

"P-Peter Pettigrew!" Peter squeaked.

Remus leaned slightly towards Ed. "What were you reading?"

"_A History of Hogwarts_," Ed said, tripping up on the last word. "At first I thought all this magic stuff was a load of bullshit, butâ€œ" He trailed off, shrugging.

By now they had assumed that he was a first-year. Who else would be

so clueless about magic

"You're a Muggleborn?" Remus asked, surprised. With his air and elegant features, he'd seemed a tiny bit pure-blooded.

Ed grinned slightly. "I guess you could say that."

"So what house do you want to be in?" James asked.

"If I had to pick, I'd say Ravenclaw, or Gryffindor."

James brightened even more. "Great! You didn't pick Slytherin! It would be a shame for such a promising youngster—" At this, Remus noticed that Ed's face darkened, though he couldn't imagine why- "-to be lost to the clutched of the house of the Great Slimy Git."

"I've met my fair share of bastards. Can't say I don't enjoy pissing them off," Ed leaned back, fingers tapping idly on A History of Magic. He flipped it open again and continued reading.

The Marauders, taking that as a sign that the conversation was over, scooted closer together and launched themselves into an argument about which one of their professors was worse.

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Internally, Ed was freaking out. These wizard bastards were weird! It wasn't just the existence of magic, no, now they had castles for schools and giant squids and Truth knew what else!

It was then that Ed came to an obvious and unsurprising conclusion: Wizards were fucking insane.

So, with an inaudible sigh and a mental reminder of a potential court-martial, Edward Elric resigned himself to his fate.

He was sitting in a swaying boat with three eleven-year olds, who were laughing and chatting excitedly, pointing the castle.

In a boat in front and a bit to the left of them sat an overly large, bearded man with a friendly voice. Why was he so damn big?

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After they got off the train, the Marauders lost sight of Ed. Not that they were surprised, he was probably a first-year and would be in the boats with the other midgets. It gave them ample time to discuss the blonde as they rode in the horseless carriage towards Hogwarts.

"He has golden eyes," Remus remarked, "Do you think he's a werewolf, like...me?"

"Why don't you ask him? If he is, you can reassure him that his secret's safe with a fellow werewolf, and if he isn't, don't tell him," Sirius suggested absently.

"Well, that's a problem for another time, mate," James said. "Do you think he'd be any good at Quidditch?"

"Maybe," Sirius said, eyes glinting excitedly at the prospect of playing Quidditch, "He gives the impression of a good prankster. Think he'd be up for a few?"

"Let's ask him later," James said.

"His hair's very long," Peter offered hesitantly, a complete non sequitur.

. . .

Ed was pissed. Very pissed. And soaking wet. "Hey!" He shouted. "You little bastard!"

A small, ugly, flying man with an armful of balloons cackled. "Look who's talking, pipsqueak!"

"WHO ARE YOU CALLING PEA-SIZED, DAMMIT!"

The first-years watched the spectacle, wide-eyed. Ed was jumping (rather awkwardly), trying to catch Peeves. It was difficult without alchemy (Mustang had been annoyingly specific, leaving no loopholes for Ed to use alchemy) and with his imbalanced limbs, jumping was hard. "Dammit!" Ed cried again, angrily.

"Young man!" Minerva McGonagall's voice rang through the hall, disapproving. "Peeves! Stop this at once!"

With a feigned pout followed by a snicker, Peeves zoomed away, leaving a smoldering Ed.

"You're the transfer from Amestris, correct?" The austere-looking woman asked, frowning. "Edward Elric?"

"Yeah," Ed replied, "Call me Ed." The golden-haired alchemist shot one last glare in the direction Peeves had shot off in.

"Very well." She added loudly, "Come this way! First-years! Follow me!"

With apprehensive expressions, the first-years followed behind the tall woman and the dripping blonde through the large, ornate golden doors that lead to the Great Hall.

. . .

"Look, there the midget is! Looks like Peeves got him!" Sirius remarked, amusement shining in his dark eyes.

"He's not wearing his robes," Remus remarked with a frown.

"I'm surprised McGonagall didn't bite his head off," James responded. "His clothes are very odd."

It was true; Ed was wearing black leather pants, heavy boots, a long red coat, and white gloves. Not to mention, he was scowling and slouching, something McGonagall disapproved of immensely.

As the first years finished murmuring in awe at the enchanted ceiling, Dumbledore stood up - an unusual occurrence, since he

typically saved his speech for after the Sorting. "Before we welcome the first-years to Hogwarts, I'd like to announce that in an arrangement with the nation of Amestris, Hogwarts has opened its doors to Colonel Roy Mustang—"

At Dumbledore's sweeping gesture, a dark-eyed man with short black hair, a smug expression, and a stiff blue uniform stood up for a moment before taking his seat again.

"—Who will be teaching alchemy, available to third-years and up—"

He went silent as the Great Hall filled with excited muttering.

"It wasn't a rumor!" James crowed, poking Sirius. "You were wrong, Padfoot!"

Sirius chuckled. "We're fifth-years. That means we can take it."

"I haven't heard of Amestris before," Remus mused, "I think I'll head to the library after the feast."

James sighed, grinning a little, "You and your bloody books, Moony."

After the hall fell back into silence, Dumbledore resumed his speech.

"—And Major Edward Elric, who will be joining the student body as a fifth-year. If you would," he gestured to Ed, who stepped up onto the raised floor. He was still dripping with water.

"Ed?" James asked, "Wait — Major?"

The golden-haired teen walked up to the Sorting Hat, which looked unusually battered and dirty in the light cast by innumerable floating candles. "Please, call me Ed," He chuckled, unafraid of the burning curiosity of the student body, "Usually if someone's using my full name, they're trying to kill me. So, I put this hat on?" The blonde asked, eyeing the hat before he shrugged.

And with that, he hopped onto the stool and dropped the hat on his head, where it slid down over his eyes.

. . .

You're very cunning, the hat muttered, and Ed started a little.
And ambitious. You could be a Slytherin. But you're also intelligent, with a good work ethic — when you think it's important. Loyal. Brave._

Is this the work of a soul-bind? Ed wondered. It's very advanced. I doubt I could make it._

Yes, very intelligent indeed — and curious, too. The hat commented. Honestly, I don't remember anymore. Too many years have gone by. It switched topics again. I see a lot of bravery in you, though. Even to the point of reckless idiocy._

Haha, that's true. Ed chuckled.

_Best put you in- "Gryffindor!" The hat shouted.

There was a round of confused applause and cheering from the Gryffindor table, and as Ed walked down to an empty seat - conveniently situated by the Marauders - he looked over his shoulder to see Mustang's smug smirk. Why did he always look so smug?

The alchemist sat down absentmindedly, and subsequently, he jumped when Sirius leaned over with a grin and said loudly - the Sorting Hat had begun it's longwinded song - "Welcome to Gryffindor, Major Ed. You're in our year, so we can show you around."

Ed grinned and rubbed his neck. "Thanks."

"What's up with that?" James asked, "Major? Colonel?"

"Yeah, Amestris is a military nation."

"But you're so tiny!" James exclaimed. Wrong choice of words.

"DAMMIT, I'M FIFTEEN! WHO ARE YOU CALLING SO TINY THAT YOU COULD SQUASH HIM UNDER YOUR SHOE?!"

A momentary lull in the hubbub around them went unnoticed as Remus leaned across James, concerned, and not put off in the slightest by his outburst. "Fifteen? And in the military?! Isn't that dangerous? Aren't you a bit young?"

"I'm in a ... special branch. There wasn't an age limit since they didn't think a twelve-year-old could meet the requirements for the exam. I'm a genius," Ed told them proudly, lacing his gloved fingers behind his head.

"You joined when you were twelve?" James asked, eyes lighting up.
"Didn't your parents think it was dangerous?"

"Parents? Who said anything about parents?" Ed forced a grin.

"You ran away?" Peter asked.

"Nah. My dad's a good-for-nothing bastard who left us when we were young. He didn't even come to our mom's funeral."

"Oh," James said, taking note of Ed's gloomy tone and darkened expression.

They fell into silence, turning their attention back up to the front of the hall, where the last first-year was being Sorted. "Avaro, Maiza!" A pause, then, "Ravenclaw!"

Dumbledore rose again. "I'd like to remind you all that the Forbidden Forest is exactly that - forbidden. A few of you would do well to remember." His blue eyes landed briefly on the Marauders before he continued.

"Mr. Filch would also like me to remind you, for what he tells me is the one-hundred and thirty-seventh time, that spells are banned in the halls, along with a number of other things that are in a list tacked to your announcement boards and in his office. Lastly, I am

happy to introduce your new Defense Against the Dark arts teacher, Professor Michaelis!"

At his words, a tall, dark-haired woman in a black blazer, slacks, and a white dress shirt stood up, inclined her head slightly, and sat down again.

"Now, let us dig in!" Dumbledore smiled broadly before taking his seat.

. . .

"We get a new Defense teacher every year," Sirius said conversationally as he reached for a roll from a platter that had appeared before them just seconds ago.

"The position's cursed," Peter put in.

"How does it work?" Ed asked, tearing himself away from glaring ferociously at a jug of milk, then muttered something that sounded like, 'Equivalent exchange'.

"What? The food? House-elves down in the kitchens make it and send it up. Even wizards can't make something out of nothing."

"Dammit," Ed groaned, slumping in his seat, his expression an odd mixture of relieved and disappointed. "So it's really only the Philosopher's stone. Damn."

"Philosopher's Stone?" Remus asked, adding the words to the growing list of things he had to look up. That reminded him of the question he had to ask Ed. He could do it later, after all, it was only him, Sirius, James, Peter, and now Ed in the fifth-year boy's dorm.

"Nothing," Ed said, "So, elves? You wizards really do like to make everything magical."

"What do you mean? Aren't you a wizard?" James asked, a forkful of chicken halfway to his mouth.

"I'm an - yeah." Ed grinned. Sirius narrowed his eyes suspiciously. What had Ed been about to say?

The long-haired blonde leaned over to grab a soup ladle, glaring at a nearby jug of milk as he did so. Remus, who had been sitting next to him, caught sight of an odd symbol on the back of his long coat.

Yet another curiosity to research in the library. Remus sighed and rubbed his eyes, already mentally preparing for the rigorous search he was going to do after dinner.

. . .

"Here's our dorm. The luggage should already be in there," James told Ed brightly, throwing open a door. Between the many moving paintings (Ed even saw a giraffe loping calmly through frames), moving staircases, and hidden traps, it had been further verified in Ed's mind that wizards were crazy, so steeping into the room without something weird happening was a relief.

The room was circular, with a doorway leading to what Ed guessed was a bathroom, and five four-poster beds set evenly along the stone walls, each with piles of luggage at the foot and a small table by its side.

"Great," Ed yawned, stretching. "I could really use some sleep. We don't start classes early tomorrow, do we?"

"No," James replied, running a hand through his thick black hair. "We get our class schedules at breakfast, but that's not very early. Are you going to unpack?" He added, watching as Ed flopped down on his bed with a groan.

"Nah." Ed scooted farther back onto the bed and swung his leg up. Getting to his knees, fully dressed, he pulled his curtains shut.

Shrugging, James looked at Peter and Sirius, who were either crouching by their bags or lounging in a sitting position on their bed. Walking up to Ed's curtains, he heard a faint snoring. "He's asleep," he said with astonishment. "I guess Moony can just ask him tomorrow. Wanna sneak out after Moony gets back?"

* * *

><p>I don't really know what I'm doing, so updates will be sporadic, but hopefully no more than two weeks apart. I also have very little experience in conversing successfully with other humans (haha I have no life), so the conversations might be a bit off, but if you have any suggestions as to how I might fix them, that would be nice!

If you have any ideas for possible adventures or things to happen, please review. I'd love to hear them. Criticism is also much appreciated.

Did any Baccano! fans/watchers notice the slight mention I made of Maiza? (P.S. Just in case, I don't own him, either.)

See y'all next time!

2. 2

I'm back with another chapter! And so soon, too! Sorry, I was excited. I might have written this a smidge too fast, and hardly bothered to read through and edit (because I'm lazy), and left some curiosities from the last chapter open, but there will be future chapters for all that.

Thank you to everyone who's already followed and favorited, and the three Guests, goodgirl275, Silvershadowe, and jadeblackheart4 for reviewing!

Disclaimer: Just in case you weren't aware, I am in no way an owner of HP or FMA.

* * *

><p>Ed walked into Mustang's office, where the Colonel sat at his desk, elbows on the surface, fingers laced together, and a smirk on his face. "The Fuhrer has a mission for you, Fullmetal," he told Ed smugly.

The blonde flopped down onto the couch and gave Mustang a lazy glare. "What is it?"

"_You've been assigned to a school—" Mustang took a moment to stifle a snigger, "-for magic."_

Ed laughed so hard that he fell off of the couch. Teary-eyed, he asked, voice full of mirth, "You really thought I'd believe that? You had me woken up for that?" He got to his feet and strode over to the door, hands in pockets.

Before he could even bring one out to open the door, it opened and Fuhrer Bradley, smiling, stepped in. "I'm afraid it's not a joke, Major Elric. You're being sent there as part of a diplomatic representative of Amestris. The wizarding community is powerful and we could use their power."

"_You're not going alone, Major," he continued, fixing his one-eyed gaze on Colonel Mustang, who had been trying to hide his amusement. "Colonel Mustang will be accompanying you in order to finalize ties with their Ministry and to teach alchemy at the school."_

_Mustang's expression now matched Ed's. _

"_A representative from the school will come for you at two. I'll be expecting monthly reports, and your assessments will still take place. It's all been arranged with the school."_

Fuhrer Bradley swept out of the office.

Ed turned to Mustang, grinning. "What were you saying?"

Mustang glared at him and snapped, "Midget."

"_WHO ARE YOU CALLING MICROSCOPIC, BASTARD?!"_

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At two o'clock, Ed was lounging on the couch in Mustang's office, a small suitcase resting at his feet. Mustang, Riza, Al and Armstrong (who was sobbing dramatically) were gathered in the room as well.

Having been briefed on the details of the mission, Ed muttered, "How the hell are we supposed to get to England, anyway?"

_He was answered with a loud _crack! _as a large, grey-haired man appeared out of nowhere. He blinked a few times and glanced around.

-

The man jumped, startled, when Ed jumped up, fists ready, shouting, "What the hell?!" Mustang let out a string of curses, and Riza raised her gun to the ready.

_When his wondering eyes landed on Mustang, he smiled broadly. "You

must be Colonel Roy Mustang. I'm Horace Slughorn, from the school." Horace extended a pudgy hand, which Mustang took. "I've heard about a certain Major Edward Elric!" he peered around before his eyes landed on Armstrong. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Major Elric!" Horace lifted a hand towards the muscular blonde._

"_Hey!" Ed exclaimed, "I'm Edward Elric!" He waved his arms, glaring at Horace and Mustang, the latter of whom was silently chuckling._

"_Oh!" the wizard said, frowning, "Aren't you a bit young?"_

"_DAMMIT, I'M FIFTEEN!"_

"_Oh," he said again, this time without surprise, "Well, then, I see. Er, shall we go, then?"_

"_Wait!" Al called, "Can I say goodbye?"_

"_Er, well, I suppose," Horace said._

Al swept Ed up in a stiff hug. "I'll miss you, brother! Make sure to write, and don't break anything, alright?"

"_I won't, I don't want a wrench to the head. Please let go, Al, you're crushing me!" Ed wheezed._

He was released, only to be swept up into another hug by Louis Armstrong. "I'll miss you, Edward!" Tears streamed down Armstrong's face. He sparkled.

Meanwhile, Riza had approached Mustang with a salute, and said, "Don't do anything stupid, sir." He smirked in response. "When do I ever?"

She glared, poker-faced, at him, and he paled.

"_Alright then, let's get going." Horace interrupted. "If you will," he said, holding out his arm, which Ed and Mustang hesitantly gripped._

Grinning slightly, the golden-haired alchemist looked at Al. "I'll wri-

_And with another _crack! _they were gone._

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Ed's school books and supplies had already been paid for and picked up, courtesy of his impressive funding, including books for the four years he'd have to catch up on.

_After the school representative - Horace Slughorn - had dropped them off in the shabby inn known as _The Leaky Cauldron _and Tom had shown them to their rooms, Mustang had been picked up by a wizard in a suit - it was for a meeting with the Ministry - and Ed had retreated to his room to read._

_He and the Colonel had arrived on July 19th, and by the 27th - after

far too many sleepless nights - Ed had caught up and was starting in on the fifth-year books._

The meals had been provided by a nosy maid, who always snuck a peek into Ed's cluttered room, nose wrinkling at the ever-increasing disarray.

_When the blonde was halfway through _The Essentials of Defense Against the Dark Arts (Fifth Year)_, he felt a sudden urge to wander outside. Reminding himself that he had a whole month to spend here, he set his book down, got dressed, and exited through the back of the inn where he'd been shown the way into what was called Diagon Alley._

The sun was shining brightly, which was a welcome change from the weather outside the last time Ed had bothered to push aside the dusty green curtains over his window. How many days ago had that been? Five?

Diagon Alley was lined with shops so different that it looked like an odd patchwork. Decrepit, faded shops leaned precariously, squeezed between tall, freshly painted buildings, and their steps were cluttered with birdcages, furniture, and fallen signs. Among this all bustled all varieties of people: impatient children trailing after flustered parents, old wizards haggling over prices at scattered stalls, and teens excitedly pulling each other along, hands full of bags.

At the end of the long street, where it branched off into two more streets, proudly stood a large, pristine building, complete with elaborate golden gilding and sturdy pillars. Awash with the warmth of sunlight, it was truly a sight to behold. Grinning like a sugar-hyped child, Ed set foot into the hubbub of the Wizarding World.

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Between his books and the many fascinating things in Diagon Alley, the month passed quickly, and Ed found himself frantically shoving various things into a suitcase, letting out a constant stream of 'dammit's. Mustang, who he'd hardly seen during their all-too brief time there, had already left, leaving Ed to the mercies of his foul-tempered Ministry cab driver. The grizzled wizard was honking his horn without pause, irking the patrons of the inn's bar and only making Ed more hurried.

_With a final triumphant shout, Ed got the last book into his straining bag and leapt down the stairs, landing each time with a loud _thump_. He jumped into the back of the cab, glaring at the driver, who returned the look with extra viciousness, but pressed his foot to the pedal._

When they arrived at King's Cross, Ed got out of the cab with unsteady legs, shaken by the driver's driving - which he was pretty sure was not within the bounds of what could be considered 'legally safe'.

It was with great relief that he watched the cab swerve away, before turning and shading his eyes against the sun, taking in the train station. Grinning, Ed stepped forward.

. . .

"Great!" James shouted, "I've got Alchemy first class!" His excitement earned stares from all over the Great Hall. Not that he cared.

"Dammit," Ed groaned, "Me too."

"Aren't you excited?" James asked, eyes shining with anticipation.

"No, because Colonel Bastard is a smug bastard. Hence the name." Yawning, Ed grabbed a muffin.

"Lily!" James exclaimed loudly again, and everyone in the Great Hall (with the exception of the first-years and Amestrians) sighed. James Potter's undying love for Lily Evans was common knowledge. The messy-haired Gryffindor ran up to the redhead.

"I didn't see you at dinner, but never mind!" He grinned, then kneeled dramatically. "Lily Evans, will you go out with me?"

"No. Go away, James!" The ginger pulled him to his feet and pushed him back towards the Marauders and Ed. He turned to them with a disappointed groan. "Rejected again."

"What is this, the three-hundred and fiftieth time?" Sirius asked, sticking his tongue out at James.

"I thought it was the five-hundred and twelfth," commented Peter.

Ed reached for a silver jug and was about to pour himself a drink before he stopped and glared vehemently at it.

"What?" Sirius asked.

"It's milk." Loathing filled Ed's voice, and James couldn't help but notice that his golden eyes were filled with a hatred that James had never seen before. It seemed like the kind of feeling you would reserve for someone who'd murdered your family, not, well, milk. Thinking about Ed's unusual eyes reminded James of the conversation they'd had earlier.

. . .

"Wake up, Ed!" James yelled, throwing open Ed's curtains. Strangely enough, the blonde was fully clothed, and still snoring, despite the noise. The black-haired teen shook Ed until the blonde groaned and opened his eyes._

"Dammit," he muttered, tears shining in his eyes, "I woke up."_

Quiet for a moment, James burst out laughing. "You're about to cry over that?"_

"Don't laugh at me," Ed threw a pillow at him, "It's a tragedy."_

James chuckled, before Remus coughed a little._

"_Oh yeah, Ed, Moony over there would like to ask you something. D'you mind?"_

Ed shrugged, now cross-legged on the bed, and regretfully said, "I don't think I'll be able to fall asleep again. Ask away."

Remus sighed with relief and came over to sit on the bed next to Ed's. "Are you a werewolf?"

_Ed stared at him for a moment, and then exploded with laughter. "Me...a werewolf?" _

Immediately the werewolf blushed a deep red. "I'm sorry...I didn't mean...erâ€¢!" This just made Ed laugh harder. After his laughter faded, Remus explained, "I just thought you were a werewolf because of your eyesâ€¢" He chuckled awkwardly.

"_My eyes?" Ed asked._

"_Werewolves have golden eyes," Remus said._

Ed's eyes narrowed a bit as he leaned back and smiled. "Nah, it's just something that runs in my family." His stomach growled, and he rubbed it, his expression turning sheepish. "Do you think you guys could show me to where all the food is? I'm starving!"

. . .

"Fullmetal! How are you adjusting to," Mustang's voice became very smug, "student life?" He was standing at the front of the classroom and had addressed Ed as he'd walked in shortly after James and Peter, who also had Alchemy first.

"Ha! How are you going to teach this class," Ed retorted, "without burning anything? What did Hawkeye say, 'anything stupid', right?" He flopped into a seat next to James and Peter, looking pleased with himself.

"Mate, are you really allowed to talk to your superior like that?" James whispered, running a hand through his dark hair. "And what was that about 'adjusting to student life'?"

"I haven't been to school in years," Ed told them casually.

Peter gasped. "Years?!"

James whistled lowly.

"I didn't really see a point in it. We had our bastard father's books and then," he shuddered, "Izumi. The things she did to usâ€¢"

"Us?" James asked.

"My brother, Al, and I."

"Oh. What did she do?"

"A lot of things, but the one that comes most vividly to mind is when we first started training under her. She took us to an abandoned

island and left us there for a month."

They were stopped from asking any more questions when Mustang clapped his hands and barked, "In case you midgets—" Ed growled, "-didn't know, I'm Colonel Roy Mustang. I'm going to be your Alchemy professor this year, which means you all—" he gestured broadly to the class, "-are now my minions."

He was met with silence.

"Does anyone have any assumptions as to what alchemy is?"

A hand was raised.

"Yes. You there."

"Isn't alchemy a dead magic? Weren't the only things you could do with it turn lead to gold?"

At this, both Amestrian's faces darkened with disappointment, and Mustang said, "Nearly everything about that answer was wrong. First, alchemy is a science, not a magic. It's based on chemical formulas, scientific knowledge and theories, logic, and rigid laws. Second, you can do a lot more with alchemy than make gold out of lead. That is possible, but illegal. It's bad for the economy."

Ed watched Mustang teach, rather impressed. Who knew the smug bastard could actually handle a teaching position. But they were only so far in. Ed would've bet his arm that Mustang wouldn't be so capable later.

"Any more, probably equally idiotic, guesses?"

Silence.

"I'd better tell you all what alchemy is, then. It's a science, as I've already told you, with which you can dramatically or subtly alter a material, using natural energy." He paused, seeing a hand raised high. Sighing, he asked, "Yes?"

"Why do we need alchemy, then, if we've already got transfiguration?"

"Because, unlike magic, you don't need a pretty stick. All you need is a writing utensil - preferably chalk." Faint gasps were heard.

Smirking, as he did so often, Mustang turned to the chalkboard and began writing, narrating as he did so.

"Now, there are laws in alchemy. The first and foremost being equivalent exchange. Every alchemist knows this. We cannot gain anything without giving something of equal value in return. That's all you need to know for now. Next is the three parts of alchemy. Comprehension, deconstruction, and reconstruction. Do you idiots understand so far?"

"Hey, Colonel, you're not half as bad at this as I thought you'd be. I'm surprised nothing's on fire yet." Ed called.

"You will be," the Colonel said, "If you keep on interrupting, Fullmetal. Now shut up." He directed his attention back to the class, all of whom were staring at Ed like he was some sort of immense oddity. "I'll explain the individual steps. To start, comprehension, which I assume will take a while for you scientifically ignorant wizards to master. To succeed at performing alchemy, you need to have an understanding of the structure and properties of the atomic makeup of the thing you have the intent of altering, including the flow of energy through the material."

When the man paused to collect his thoughts again, James moaned quietly. "I'm already lost and we haven't even got halfway through the lesson."

"Deconstruction," the Amestrian continued, "is using energy to break down the material to a more malleable state so it's easily reconstructed into something else. And lastly, there is reconstruction, which is simply continuing the flow of energy to reshape the material. Now, you're probably trying to sort through your tiny, cluttered little teenage minds to remember when I said anything about how to direct the energy. I didn't, so stop straining your brain cells."

He turned back to the chalkboard and drew a perfect circle. " You direct the energy with an alchemical array. Different symbols correspond to different elements, so correctly drawing the array is critical. The essential part of the array is the circle, which is the main circuit through which energy flows. I'll stop here before you fry your brains, and I'll demonstrate some alchemy."

Immediately the class perked up, with the sole exception of Ed, who was leaning precariously back in his chair and snoring lightly.

Mustang snapped his fingers, sending a blossom of flame into the air. A chorus of 'whoa's and 'cool's was heard as the students watched excitedly.

Someone raised their hand, and blurted out, "Sir - Colonel - how'd you do that without an array?"

"I didn't. Instead of drawing an array each time you'd like to manipulate matter, many alchemists have an area of specialty and have specific arrays either tattooed into their skin or embroidered onto clothing, like my gloves." He showed the arrays on the backs of his gloves.

"Now get lost, idiots. Class dismissed."

* * *

><p>I hope that wasn't too bad. I realize that not a lot happened this chapter, but I don't want to rush into anything. I promise that the next chapter will include some shenanigans of some sort, though.

Also, to the Guest who reviewed and expressed their negative opinion of the Marauders, I apologize, because they won't be portrayed like that in this fanfiction.

Hopefully I'll get another few chapters done pretty quick, but don't expect regular updates from me.

See you people next chapter!

3. 3

Bonjour! C'est moi! And I have another chapter! Hopefully it's a good one, but I have no plan for this fanfiction, so it might turn out weird.

I am really enjoying writing this, although I'm a procrastinator so it's taking a while. And I actually bothered to look stuff up, which I'm proud of myself for.

Also, thank you everyone who followed (I was surprised, I got more than I expected!), favorited, and reviewed!

Disclaimer: I, in no way, shape, or form, own either of these fictions.

* * *

><p>The rest of the first day passed uneventfully, well, as uneventfully as it could get when you mix Edward Elric and magic. Aside from Alchemy, Ed had Arithmancy, History of Magic, and Defense Against the Dark Arts, the last of which was spent as a study hour because the professor was absent.</p>

The next day was different. Sirius, this time, shook the blonde awake. Instead of nearly crying, Ed shouted "Dammit!"

At breakfast, James snatched up Ed's schedule, which he was carrying around in order to remember his classes.

"You have a break instead of fifth period? Great, Padfoot and Wormtail and I have it off, too! D'you wanna play some Quidditch?"

"What's that?" Ed asked, sticking a straw into a glass of juice.

"What's that? _What's that?_" James pressed his hand against his chest, pretending to be offended. "It's only the best wizarding sport in existence! C'mon, d'you wanna try it out?"

The blonde paused and contemplated it. It sounded fun, and he had nothing better to do; he'd already finished his homework, which took him a better part of the night. "Sure," he replied.

First period was spent in Transfiguration, which did not go well for Ed. It started bad and got worse. He was late trying to find classroom 1B, which was on the ground floor by the Middle Courtyard. By the time the blonde skidded into the classroom, Professor McGonagall had just deposited a guinea fowl on each student's desk. (They were, of course, caged.)

"You're late, Mr Elric."

"Hehe, yeah, sorry!" he chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. "I got lost. This school is so damn big!"

"Language, Mr Elric! Sit down. Five points from Gryffindor," the professor turned her attention back to the class. "Now, take out your wands. You will be turning guinea fowl," she gestured to the large, caged birds, "into guinea pigs. The incantation is-"

Ed stood up abruptly, making his chair fall over with a bang. His eyes were wide with horror.

"What is it, Mr Elric?" McGonagall asked, half-concerned and half-irritated.

"That's twisted!" he shouted, slamming a fist into his desk. "How could you think this is okay, dammit?!"

"Mr Elric!" the professor snapped, "The guinea fowl will be perfectly fine! Allow me to demonstrate," and she waved her wand at one of the birds, nonverbally incanting. In a matter of seconds, it was a guinea pig. With another wave of her wand, the guinea pig reverted to its original state.

She'd incorrectly assumed that this would pacify Ed; a number of students had had the same problem with Transfiguration in the past and a display of the harmless process had soothed their qualms.

It did quite the opposite for Ed; now, instead of looking angry, he looked horrified. "Nina!" the blonde whispered, now seeing something the rest of them didn't, "Nina - no - it wasn't - how could he-?! That bastard!"

"Remus," Professor McGonagall addressed the werewolf, who'd been staring worriedly at the Amestrian, "could you escort Mr Elric to the hospital wing?"

Her brow furrowed with confusion and concern as she watched the brunet take Ed, who was now lost in some horrid place in his mind, by the shoulders and walk him out of the classroom. Reminding herself to discuss it with Madam Pomfrey and Professor Dumbledore later, McGonagall called the class back to attention and resumed the lesson.

. . .

"Nina! NINA!" Ed's voice cracked as he jolted upright. Taking a few deep breaths, he looked around and found himself in a cot with white sheets, in a room that vaguely resembled hospitals. It was unfortunate how familiar it felt.

"Whoa, Ed, mate, you alright?" James asked. The Marauders were crowded around the foot of his bed.

"Yeah," he responded, looking rather puzzled, "Why are you here?" He'd only known the energetic, black-haired wizard for two days, so there was no reason for him to be there.

"You're a likable guy," James told him, eyes glinting mischievously, "And I reckon you'd be good for a few pranks."

Remus shoved the dark-haired wizard. "We were worried about you. Who's Nina?"

Ed's small grin fell away, and his eyes turned sad. "Just someone from a long time ago. It's nothing."

"Are you sure you don't want to talk about it?" Sirius asked.

"I said, it's nothing. You wizards are damn pushy." Ed growled, then looked around once again. "Where am I?"

"The hospital wing," Peter told him (rather nervously, it seemed to be a personality trait), "Moony took you here after you flipped out in Transfiguration."

"Damn wizards, messing with natural laws," Ed muttered.

"Huh?" James asked.

"Nothing. Can I go now? I want to--"

"Fullmetal!" Colonel Mustang burst into the room, a harassed-looking Madam Pomfrey trailing closely behind. "I heard about what happened in Professor McGonagall's class. Are you an idiot? We're here on a diplomatic mission, so we can't have you doing reckless things like you usually do."

"Colonel Bastard, why the hell am I supposed to attend these classes? I can't even do magic!" Ed scowled.

"Wait, you can't do magic?" Remus asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Yeah," the blonde said, "now can I go? I want to check out the library."

Madam Pomfrey tutted. "You should stay a while lon--" Mustang held up a hand. "Shorty here would sneak out anyway. Let him--"

The recent trend of being cut off lived up to its reputation when Ed yelled, "WHO THE HELL ARE YOU CALLING SO SMALL HE COULD BE CRUSHED UNDER A SHOE?!"

Mustang smirked, and Madam Pomfrey went pale. "Language, young man!"

Ed ignored her and swung his legs over the side of the bed, landing with an unnaturally heavy thump. "I'll be in the library," he announced to no one in particular. Tugging his white gloves more securely on his hands, Ed strolled out of the room.

...

Ed had been submerged in the library, only showing up, hurried-looking and disoriented, to his classes, before rushing off to the library again.

Somehow, Ed had at least one of the Marauders in each of his classes; Sirius in History of Magic, which Ed fell asleep in, as did the rest of the class, Peter and Remus in Potions (in which Slughorn showered Ed with praise for his skill at potion-making). When asked, he merely

responded, "I understand science."), and Defense Against the Dark Arts with all of the Marauders.

Unlike the previous day, Professor Michaelis was present. Standing tall at the front of the classroom in a crisp, tieless suit, she scanned them all with keen eyes. "Today I'll be informing you of what we'll be covering over the course of the year. It has come to my attention that although you all have a thorough understanding of the spellwork required up to this year, and I will continue that line of education. Your knowledge of the Dark creatures required, however, is severely lacking. We'll spend the first two months catching up, ending with boggarts. You might want to read up on those; I've seen some wizards with incredible spell knowledge but sadly little creature knowledge brought to their knees by what they've seen. Luckily, I doubt that so early in your life you've developed such fears."

After that short speech, she passed out tests to see how advanced their knowledge was. That was most likely why she'd been absent on the first day. The rest of the class passed in silence, Professor Michaelis's icy gaze discouraging any troublemaking - for that day, at least.

. . .

"He's a bit strange," Peter said, breaking the silence that they'd been submerged in as they sat in their dorm room after dinner. Ed was still in the library.

"Who, Ed?" James asked, idly playing with a Snitch. His dark hair was messy, and he was draped haphazardly across his bed.

"Who else? You're right, Wormtail, he's weird. He can't do magic, Transfiguration makes him flip out...and who here's ever heard of Amestris?" Lounging against James's bed, Sirius was sketching on a spare piece of parchment, grinning evilly.

"How could he come here if they couldn't do magic? Why're they here in the first place?" Peter asked, twitching his fingers as he perched on his bed.

"Weren't you listening? They're here on a diplomatic mission - Amestris is a military nation and probably wants the Ministry to help them with something. Hogwarts is probably considered a place of cultural relevance, not to mention that Professor Dumbledore is an immensely powerful wizard. That's not what's odd, though," Remus flipped the page of his book absently, "I think what's odd is his reaction to transmutation, his gloves, his air of secrecy. I couldn't find anything on Amestris in the library, but I could only look for so long. Still, it's queer. Why wouldn't he tell us who Nina was? Why doesn't he ever change his clothes, or at least take off his gloves and boots?"

"Maybe he's got terrible scars. Maybe he's got bad memories about Nina - he is part of the military after all. It's perfectly explainable," Sirius said, shrugging.

"Why hasn't he been to school in years? Why does Professor - Colonel - Mustang call him Fullmetal?" Remus ignored his friend's suggestions, his curiosity overflowing.

"Why don't we ask him when he gets back?" James suggested before bursting into malicious laughter; Sirius had just shown him the rather unflattering caricatures of their professors and least favorite Slytherins (meaning: Severus Snape) that he'd drawn.

Not a moment after he said it, Ed wearily trudged in, collapsing on his bed, arms full of dusty tomes.

"How was the library?" Remus queried, shutting his book with a small sigh.

Ed was silent, then he flipped over and sat up. Yawning, he replied, "Amazing! There were so many books! Sciezka would be like a child on a sugar high!"

"Who's Sciezka?" James asked lazily, pocketing the Snitch.

"A friend back in the military. She's got photographic memory, which helped us a lot with the- never mind." Ed looked down at a silver pocket watch, eyes dark with memories.

Remus narrowed his eyes. Then he asked another question. "Why does Colonel Mustang call you Fullmetal? That's an odd nickname."

Ed paused for a moment, considering. "Well, that's a title I carry in the military. It's a long story, and I'm too tired to tell it. Besides, why do you call each other Wormtail, Padfoot, Moony, and Prongs? I'm going to sleep now. You probably need sleep, too." With that, he pulled his curtains closed around him and his pile of books.

James glanced around at his friends. When they all nodded, he got up and pulled out his Invisibility Cloak from beneath his bed. In one swift movement, he had the Cloak draped neatly over the four of them, and they exited the room.

. . .

They were sitting in the Room of Requirement, which had arranged itself to look like a grassy clearing, a few trees scattered about. James was sitting on a swing, which was knotted to a sturdy tree branch. Sirius and Peter were leaning against its trunk. Remus, however, was pacing.

"He looked at me when he said it! Does he know? How could he know? It doesn't make sense...!" He ran his hands through his sandy brown hair.

James held up a hand. "You're jumping to conclusions. Calm down, Moony. It's probably just coincidence. He never even knew about magic a while ago!" He was different from his usual carefree self; his green eyes were serious and his hands were resting on the swing's ropes, white-knuckled. "It frustrates me, though! I can't figure him out! It is odd that he noticed our nicknames so soon."

The dark-haired teen turned to Sirius and Peter, flicking his glance to Remus. "Say, d'you wanna find out his secrets?"

They gave him varying responses, all positive.

"Great," he grinned, eyes shining with mischievous light.

. . .

"_You will be turning these guinea fowl into guinea pigs," McGonagall said, advancing towards him. In one hand was a caged guinea fowl, the large-bodied bird squawking in alarm. With her free hand, she pulled out her wand. "The incantation is-_

_McGonagall turned into Nina, tiny and cute and smiling, holding a snowball in her small gloved hands. Alexander was lounging beside her in the snow, tongue lolling out of his mouth as he surveyed his surroundings happily. _

"_Big brother!" she called eagerly. "D'you wanna play?" She held up the snowball eagerly, eyes shining with excitement._

"_Sure," he replied, a mix of nostalgia, sadness, and warmth swirling in his chest. He crouched down, balling snow in his hands. "Let's play, Ni-_

"_Play?" she asked again, voice broken. "Big brother, play?"_

Breath catching, heart hammering frantically, Ed looked up. His golden eyes widened with horror as he saw her, or rather, what her father had made her into. A large white dog with a long, trailing mane of dark hair, eyes full of fear and innocent cluelessness.

"_N-Nina," he breathed, "Nina!" They were still in the snow, cold seeping into Ed's knees. It crawled up his skin, filling him with an icy feeling._

"_Don't you see, Ed? We're the same!" Shou's voice rang out from behind him. The golden-haired alchemist spun around immediately.

-

"_No, we're not, you bastard!" Ed raced towards him, fury pushing him quickly across the snow. He swung his fist up, preparing to punch him._

The man fell down in a burst of blood, sprawled out in a blossom of red. Thunder crashed, and Nina/Alexander appeared next to Shou, white fur stained a horrid rust-crimson color. Ed pulled in a sharp, shaky breath. "Dammit! Dammit!"

"_Ed!" At first he didn't recognize the voice. "Ed! Ed! Ed, wake-_

His eyes snapped open. "-up!" James was leaning over him, hands on his shoulders. "You okay, mate? You were shouting in your sleepâ€|"

"I was?" Ed asked blearily, "Huh."

"Hey, we never got to play Quidditch yesterday. Wanna try it out during lunch?"

Ed turned his head towards him, hand on his forehead. "Why not?" Then he shrugged and stood up.

Spurred on by a spurt of reckless curiosity, James rushed forward to catch up to the golden-haired teen. "Hey, Ed, why do you wear those gloves?"

* * *

><p>I hope you liked it. I read My Immortal recently (the reupload and the dramatic reading on YouTube), and regret it greatly (Oh Truth, the horror! I'm scarred! It was traumatic! It was with poor judgement that I decided to read it.), but it boosted my confidence about my writing skills a lot!**

As always, suggestions for story developments are much welcome! See y'all later!

4. 4

Hello, all! I have returned! I typed up most of this chapter this very day, and did one quick read-through, and didn't get enough sleep, so I hope there aren't many errors!

Thank you everyone who followed and/or favorited! I was really surprised, honestly, and I'm glad that my fic's doing so well!

Disclaimer: No idea why I'm still doing these. Maybe I should stop. Are they really necessary? Oh well, I don't own HP nor FMA(B).

* * *

><p>"Hey, Ed, why do you wear those gloves?"<p>

Ed froze.

"_I am what you call the world. Or perhaps the Universe, or perhaps God, or perhaps Truth, or perhaps all, or perhaps one, and I am also you._"

"Why do you want to know?" Ed asked, turning around slowly, eyes bright in the dimly illuminated dorm.

"I- I'm just curious," said James hesitantly, hearing the guarded tone in Ed's voice, "I've only known you for four days, but you've never once taken off your gloves. I guess I was just kind of...well, I was wondering about it."

The golden-eyed Gryffindor looked at James's open and slightly abashed face.

"_Take my leg! Take my arm! Take my heart! Just give me back my brother, he's all I have left!"_

"It's personal," he said. Dammit! Only a few days into his mission and he was already dredging up memories that he'd rather not have interfering with this.

"Personal?" James echoed, then his eyes widened and he blushed a little. "Sorry!" Ed wondered what James thought 'Personal' meant.

The blonde looked at him wearily, then sighed. "Never mind." He turned around and left the dorm and a rather embarrassed-looking James.

. . .

"I'm a bloody fool," moaned James, slumping down next to his friends at the Gryffindor table, "I went and asked Ed about the gloves! I'm such a bloody IDIOT!"

Peter chuckled nervously. "It c-can't have be-been that bad, c-can it?"

Sighing, Sirius looked down the table to where Ed was sitting, alone, immersed in a thick book. He'd stormed in, boots clomping heavily on the floor. He was still in that strange clothing - Sirius wondered for the millionth time why the professors hadn't reprimanded him for that. It must have had something to do with the fragile ties between Amestris - wherever in Merlin's name that was - and the Wizarding community.

Honestly, Sirius wasn't sure how he felt about the golden-haired enigma. Ed was very likable. He was funny, pugnacious (when it came to his height, Sirius noticed), and seemed very open. Unless you asked him about his past. Then he clammed up.

And then there was the fact that the short fifteen-year-old was in the military. It unnerved Sirius, stirring up memories of his family's affinity for the Death Eaters, a veritable army themselves. Would he end up there? Would Regulus?

"Sirius! Sirius?" James's voice broke him out of his thoughts. "D'you think Ed's still going to play Quidditch with us, or did I botch the whole thing?" His dark-haired friend's green eyes were fixed on the blonde, and he was leaning his cheek on his hand, pushing his glasses up lopsidedly.

"You're quite focused on this," Sirius drawled, working out the knots in a piece of string. He'd picked up the habit of knotting and then unknotting a thick piece of string a while back, because it gave his hands something to do. "Why is it so important that Ed plays Quidditch?"

Tearing his worried gaze from Ed, the Chaser gave Sirius an appalled look. "Because he looks like he'd be good at it. And if he's good at it, he'll join the team. If he joins the team, I'm bound to spend more time with him and so I shall unravel his secrets!" James paused and pouted, "You didn't stay long. And you were brilliant, too! It'd be nice to have better players."

The dog-Animagus snorted and smirked. "It got boring."

Remus, who'd been silently watching their exchange, smiled.

"I'm going to go ask him," announced James, determination blazing in his eyes. Standing up, he strode over to the reclusive blonde. "Will

you come at lunch? For Quidditch, I mean." He stood in a determined pose; hands balled into loose fists and set against his hips, chin up, challenging the blonde to turn him down.

Sirius thought that was a smidge overkill, but that was James for you.

"I already said I would, didn't I?" Ed replied blandly, still reading. James stood there, and they remained that way a tad too long, the silence growing awkward. Finally, the little antenna-like bit of hair sticking up on Ed's head twitched and the blonde turned slowly. "What?"

Sirius chuckled as he watched James's face change as the dark-haired Chaser realized that he did not, in fact, have a reason to continue standing there. "Er, well, you're sure you're coming?"

Voice tinged with irritation, Ed said, "I'm coming, but maybe I won't if you keep asking."

James's air of determination melted away and he nodded. Then he walked back to the Marauders. "That went well," he sighed, slumping down into his seat.

. . .

"Very well! Oh, and excellent, as expected, Edward!" Slughorn boomed, peering into Ed's cauldron through the haze that filled the room. For some reason it was always hazy in the Potions classroom, and it creeped Ed out.

A Hufflepuff girl sat next to him, shooting him queer glances once in a while, which also weirded him out. Remus and Peter sat in front of them. Thinking about them brought up another topic in Ed's mind. Nicknames. Moony, Padfoot, Prongs, Wormtail. He'd asked about that previously, but had gone to sleep before he'd gotten an answer. Then again, it had sounded like a rhetorical question. What made people consider something a rhetorical question? How did the asker of the question communicate to the receiver(s) whether or not it was a rhetorical question?

With a start, Ed realized his mind had been wandering, and he returned to the present. Slughorn had returned to the front of the room, and was now sweeping his gaze over the students. When it landed on Ed, the large man gave a small smile. The uncertain feelings he seemed to have had towards Ed when they had first met were gone now.

Lazily, the blonde studied the other teenagers in the classroom. It was Double Potions today, with the Hufflepuffs. The girl next to him leaned over to another girl, across the aisle from them, and whispered something. Both of them glanced at Ed, and then broke out into fits of silent laughter. Confused and faintly irked, Ed paid them no heed and looked around. Peter and Remus were bent dutifully over their cauldrons, as was the majority of the class.

There was a small number of people who were messing about; flicking scraps of parchment at each other, snickering at murmured jokes and casting malicious glances around the room. One of them - a Hufflepuff - glanced over at Ed - as so many have been doing this class - and

nudged one of their friends.

After class ended, Slughorn pulled Ed aside. "Edward—" he began in a jovial tone (his tone was often jovial, wasn't it?) before Ed cut him off. "Please call me Ed, sir." Thank Truth his years in the military had taught him some manners.

"Ah, yes, Ed," the Potions professor started again, "you are free next Wednesday evening, aren't you?" He peered at the (cough, cough, short!) blonde expectantly.

"Yeah," he replied, "Why?" Ed shifted into a slightly defensive pose, arms loosely crossed and legs positioned in a strong stance.

"Oh, nothing much, I'm simply hosting a dinner in my office with some students. You'll come?"

"Yeah, sure." Ed relaxed and turned on his heel, swinging his bag up over his shoulder.

Outside of the classroom, the two Hufflepuffs from earlier were waiting, uninviting smirks on their faces. "What the hell do you want?" Ed asked, eyes narrowing in hostility.

Their smirks widened, and one of them - a brunet with slanted eyes and a smattering of freckles across his nose - leaned in a bit. "Oh, rude, are we?" He had a low, twangy voice.

Ed sighed. "What do you want?"

The other one - this one with wavy hair and a long face - let out a little, high-pitched laugh. "Gonna go cryin' to yer mum? What're you, five?" It was nearly completely unrelated, and it pissed Ed off.

Sighing yet again, to contain his rising ire, Ed slowly raised a clenched fist until it was eye-level with the shorter of the two, the palm facing them. The blonde was thoroughly irritated now.

"Oi, shorty here thinks 'e can pick a fight wit' his fists!" The long-faced boy jeered, raising his wand. "Don't he know 'e can use magic? What a bloody idjit!" He pulled in a breath, preparing to curse Ed, who looked an easy target.

Growling, Ed slammed his flesh hand, palm-first (the one he had raised earlier) into the boy's face, breaking his nose and sending him crashing down into the floor. Moving quickly, the golden-haired alchemist swung a leg out and caught the other Hufflepuff's shins, tripping him over. It probably wasn't a good move to pick a fight, diplomacy-wise, but dammit, they pissed him off! Besides, they 'attacked' first. It was self-defense. Kind of.

Ed pinched the bridge of his nose. He was going to be in some deep shit with Mustang - not that he cared - and Winry - who was quite formidable with a wrench. He groaned at the thought of it, because although she was back in Amestris, the lighter-haired blonde was also skilled with her words when she wanted to be, and her letters could bite! Not literally, thank Truth. At least she wasn't there in person, and he planned to keep it that way.

. . .

"You did WHAT?" A silence fell over the Great Hall. Roy Mustang had pushed back his chair with a loud screeching sound, and slammed his hands down on the solid wood of the table. Ed stood before him, looking rather sheepish.

"What's he on about?" Sirius asked through a mouthful of cereal. It was lunch, but somehow he'd managed to get cereal. It was probably due to the Marauders' frequent visits to the kitchens when they were supposed to be in bed or class. The house-elves had become quite fond of the four pranksters. Speaking of pranks, they hadn't done any yet, and this many days (three) into the school year, it wasn't that unusual, but they were bound to do something soon.

"D'you reckon he's mad that Slughorn's practically drooling over Ed?" James replied.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Remus, "if they're here on a diplomatic mission, he'd be pleased. It's got to be something else."

Just then, the doors opened and two Hufflepuffs slunk in. One of them had a hand held to his nose, the other rubbing his back, and the other limping slightly. Madam Pomfrey had fixed them up well enough, but the pain still lingered.

"Did they get beaten up? By wh—" Remus saw them glaring at the teacher's table, and followed their gaze to Ed, "Oh. That's what Colonel Mustang was angry about."

"What d'you mean?" Sirius asked. As keen as he could be at some moments, this was not one of them.

"Ed beat them up," Remus replied, before being distracted by a bowl of dried fruit slices. They were probably his favorite food, and after he'd made it known to the house-elves, they usually placed it somewhere along the table.

"B-beat them up?" stuttered Peter. He instantly paled and dropped his fork with a clatter. The mousy Gryffindor had never had much of a stomach for fights. He was quite cowardly, actually, so how he got into Gryffindor house was a bit of a mystery. But the Sorting Hat had chosen; there must have been some reason. The nervous teen's eyes darted towards the blonde who was in the middle of a heated, hushed argument with Colonel Mustang.

Finally the Colonel threw his hands up into the air with an expression of exasperation. Ed visibly relaxed and walked away. He strolled past the two Hufflepuffs, who were still been standing by the doors. They shot him glares as he went by, and he returned the look with double the intensity, though it was more annoyance than hatred.

. . .

"Ed! You're here!" James called in relief. He was definitely the one who talked to Ed the most; Sirius felt uneasy around the soldier, Remus still felt suspicious about all of the things that he didn't know about Ed (a bit contradictory, if you think about it), and Peter was, well, Peter.

"Padfoot doesn't play on the team, but he's agreed to play with us later, as well as a few other blokes." He threw a broom at Ed, who caught it deftly.

Ed eyed the broom dubiously, then flicked his eyes up to James expectantly.

"Alright, put the broom down next to you, right side." Ed did so.
"Great, now hold your hand over it and say, 'Up!'. Got it?"

"Up!" Nothing. "Up!" Again, nothing. "Up, dammit, up!" Then his golden eyes lit up. Ed stepped over the room and held his left hand out over the broom. "Up!" In a smooth movement, the broom was in his hand.

James rubbed his chin, then ran his hand through his hair. "Well, that's odd, but it works." He shrugged. "Okay, now mount like this." He demonstrated on his own broom, a Silver Arrow. "These beauties are pretty rare these days, but if you're good I might be able to get you one. Now, push gently off the ground, and lean to steer."

Ed pressed his feet into the ground, his left foot leaving an unusually deep imprint in the dirt. About 17 feet off the ground, he suddenly veered. The blonde had been leaning forward heavily, and he fell to the right, landing with a thud and a breaking noise.

"Oi, Ed, you alright?" James called. "We've got to get you to the hospital wing. That sounded nasty." He helped the blonde up, noting with surprise how heavy the small teen was.

. . .

"Can you take your shirt off?" Madam Pomfrey asked. "James told me he heard a concerning sound when you landed on your arm."

Ed glanced irritatedly at the dark-haired teen. "Can he leave? There's something I don't want him to see."

Nodding, Madam Pomfrey said, "Of course, dearie. James," she said, turning to the Chaser, "would you mind?"

"Er, sure," he replied, and left the room.

After making sure the door was locked, Ed pulled off his red jacket, gloves. and black overshirt. He stood there in his black tank top, letting the medic witch ogle at his metal arm.

"A prosthetic?" she gasped, hands going to her mouth, "How'd it happen? If you don't mind, that is."

"Nah, it's fine. I lost it in a military raid on my town when I was eleven, nearly four and a half years ago. Amestris is very advanced in prosthetics, so I got these." He groaned. "You're going to have to get my mechanic." She gasped again, heart bleeding for the poor dear.

Taking a look at his steel arm, which was very obviously broken, she nodded seriously, eyes still shining with sympathy. "I'll speak to Dumbledore about it."

... .

"I've spent some time in the library," yawned Remus, "and I've found no record of Amestris...except for in the newest volume of _Wizarding History: Decades_. Apparently, two years ago Amestris and the surrounding countries, which are Creta, Aerugo, Drachma, and Xing, came out of their centuries-long isolation and began establishing political bonds with the developed countries. They're quite developed themselves, but all of those countries are still a total mystery. So I really couldn't find anything on Amestris, besides its geographical location."

He rubbed his eyes and then stretched. "Oh, and before I forget, I also researched the Philosopher's Stone. I found a lot more on that. It's made through alchemy, and it's one of the things that alchemy's most well known for. I wonder why Colonel Mustang didn't mention it in class, but then again, he'd hardly have time to even explain alchemy. We can ask him about it in class tomorrow. It can give you eternal life...there was a lot about an elixir!" He yawned again. "I really need sleep."

"Nevermind that!" James exploded. "Sorry about that, Moony. But he's no good! He can't even fly! His form's perfect, but it's like he's immensely imbalanced. He's too heavy for his size, too! He's got a broken arm, too, but when Madam Pomfrey asked to take a look at it, he made me leave. There's something that he didn't want me to see!" He gasped. "Is he a Death Eater?"

Sirius smacked him upside the head. "Idiot! Why would he let Madam Pomfrey see his Mark, then?"

"Oh," James said.

Remus narrowed his eyes. More mysteries kept on adding to his mental list of Edward Elric's secrets. But he was too tired to think about it. He needed sleep.

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><p>Thanks for reading the fourth chapter of my hopefully good fanfic! Please review and tell me what you think! If I'm rushing, or going too slow, or actually doing pretty well!

I'm still having trouble characterizing them, but I think (maybe? possibly?) that I might be getting the teensiest, tiniest bit better. And Winry will be in the next chapter! Yay!

End
file.